

April 20, 1907.]

THE SPECTATOR.

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living; one of these, it is not unreasonable to hope, with a considerable career still before him. The organists are:—John Randall, 1743-99; John Pratt, 1799-1855; William Amps, 1855-76; Arthur Henry Mann, 1876.—I am, Sir, &c.,
E. G. S.

THE RAYNER CASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR,"]

SIR,—I do not know if it is too late to send you the words of a wise Judge—Russell Gurney, sometime Recorder of London—which seem to me a weighty warning against the state of mind issuing in the recent reprieve of a deliberate and unexcused murderer. He was contemplating between twenty and thirty years ago the introduction of a Bill in Parliament for the improvement of our law of homicide, and I recovered for him, by the kindness of Mr. Hutton, a letter in your columns of high legal authority which had strangely escaped his notice, and which I wish you could republish now. He read it with the attention it deserved (it was a protest against the reprieve of a female criminal guilty of a peculiarly wicked murder), and I remember well, after the lapse of a generation, the tones of his comment as he laid down the *Spectator*: "People do not enough reflect that it is the most important object of law to protect those who are subject to strong temptation." As he spoke the last two words I felt that, together with their protest against the sentimentality then, as now, seeking to weaken that barrier, they embodied such a sense of the abyss beyond, and of the strength of the passions hurling men towards it, far more profoundly sympathetic with human trial and struggle than anything that can be called humanity in the present effusion of seeming mercy and actual cruelty.—I am, Sir, &c., JULIA WEDGWOOD.

[We regret to be unable to trace the letter to which our correspondent alludes.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO LORD CLIVE.

LORD CURZON has issued a statement relative to the commemoration of Lord Clive, in which he says:—

"The answers which I have received to the letter which I wrote to the *Times* on April 8th about a memorial to Lord Clive, and the references which have appeared in the Press, encourage me in the belief that there is a sincere and widespread recognition of the desirability of commemorating that great man in some public form. The large majority of my correspondents favour the erection of a statue in India in the first place; but several go on to express the hope that funds will be forthcoming for a memorial in London as well. The successful realisation of this must obviously depend upon the response to the appeal which I now feel justified in initiating. A statue in Calcutta I hope that we shall secure without difficulty; a monument in London ought to be equally within our reach, if the public sentiment be what I am led to think. The mistake in my first letter about the statue of Lord Clive erected in the India House in 1764, and now not too happily placed in a dark corridor in the India Office, was due to a misreading of the index to the official catalogue of the contents of that building. Under the heading 'Clive' I found the reference to the modern mason's effigy in the Inner Quadrangle, which is, of course, without any value, but I failed to identify the reference to the sixteenth-century statue by Scheemakers. In any case, a representation of Clive in Roman costume, with a sword in his hand and a shield with Medusa's head lying at his feet, cannot be considered very satisfactory, any more than in its present position it can be regarded as a public monument. The following have consented to join me in forming a Committee to raise funds and to determine their subsequent allocation:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Elgin, Earl Roberts, Sir George White, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Ampthill, Mr. John Morley, Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Mortimer Durand, Sir Olfley Wakeman, the Hon. Charles Lawrence, Sir W. Forwood, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey. I have some hope that special support may come from Manchester, in the neighbourhood of which Lord Clive was educated and spent some of his early years, and I propose to address a separate appeal to the Indian newspapers. Contributions may be paid either to myself; to Mr. Perceval Landon, 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W., who has kindly consented to act as secretary to the fund; or to the Clive Memorial Fund, Bank of England, London. Among those who have already offered to subscribe are the Earl of Rosebery, £50; Sir W. Forwood, £25; and a number of donors of smaller sums down to 5s. Their names will appear in the first list."

POETRY.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FOIL: A TOAST.
(To CAPTAIN HUTTON.)

I.

To the feel of the foil in the heel of your hand,
To the rasp of the meeting steel,
To the click and clash of a parried thrust,
To the joy that a man may feel
When the lithe blade slides o'er a lowered guard to the cry of
"A hit to you!"
To the ready foot, and the steady hand, and the eye that's
quick and true.

Refrain.

Comrades, stand up, and drain a cup
To the best surcease from toil
Drink hand on hip to our fellowship,
The Fellowship of the Foil!

II.

To the quick-stepped lunge and recover,
To the tap of the shifting feet,
To the clash and clang of the big bell-hilts
When the thrust and the parry meet.
And last, to the comrade or Master-at-Arms who taught us to
thrust and ward,
To 'prentice and master and Deacon-of-Craft in the Mystery
of the Sword.

Refrain.

III.

To the jacket, the mask, and the gauntlet-glove,
To pommel, and hilt, and blade,
To button, and guard, and fencing-shoe,
To all the tools of our trade.
To every man who can handle a foil, whoever, wherever he be,
A level floor, and a steady light, and a fight from favour free.

Refrain.

JAMES KNIGHT-ADKIN.

BOOKS.

GARIBALDI AND THE DEFENCE OF ROME.*

IN this excellent monograph Mr. Trevelyan has related the earlier career of Garibaldi, from his birth in 1807 to the close of the famous retreat from Rome in 1849. He realises throughout his narrative that Garibaldi was of a different type from other men. Like one of those heroes of romance who flash on us from the age of chivalry, he had no personal ambitions to gratify, but an undying faith in his cause and his sword. As a captain of irregular troops he proved himself a master of guerilla warfare. But he was much more than the capable commander of romantic enterprise. He was a born leader of men. He knew—as few men have known—how to stir the enthusiasm, command the loyalty, and sustain the courage of his followers. Such a man cannot be judged by ordinary standards. The faults which he committed, the mistakes which he made, the quarrels which he encountered, are all forgotten in the services which he rendered to Italy. He stands out in history as the man whose splendid daring impressed the imagination of Europe, who in the darkest crisis could write: "One hour of our life in Rome is worth a century of common experience."

The son of an honest sailor, who owned and navigated his own vessel, he was born at Nice when Nice was a portion of the first French Empire. From the age of fifteen to the age of twenty-five he worked his way up from cabin-boy to captain. In the stormy seas of the Aegean, during the troublous times of the Greek War of Independence, he was thrice "captured and robbed by pirates," or, as we imagine, by the irregular privateers who supported the cause of the insurgents. It was "on his voyages in the Levant that he first came across men with the passion for liberty, and it was beyond the sea that he first met Italian patriots, exiles who instructed him that he, too, like these Greeks, had a country for which to

* *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. London: Longmans and Co. [6s. 6d. net.]